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CHIT CHAT for the boys and Girls

The sun shines Bright and the wind  
Blows strong  
While we go merily sailing along

[inside]

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This month is December  
A little colder than November  
Clink clink goes the skate  
The team sters load their sleds with logs  
And get home late  
And the old soakers drink all they can hold  
And then blow their fingers because they ar cold

WJL

CHIT CHAT PRESENTED TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## SKATING WHEN IT IS NOT FUN

In 2 chapters Chapte[r] 1

I wish we had not come up here we shall have it hot before we get back it was Will that spoke and as he said this he sighed and hitched closer to the crackling blaze it was a party of skaters six young men and six young women all from West Hampton about fifteen miles below Will Little and Harry Rugby and invited this little party to skate up to their little ice house and stop a while which they had made about a week ago in it was a fireplace a table and some benches they had got their mail as they went up but did not read it until they got to the ice house and then to their dismay they found the Indians were out and what is your reason said Francis. Allen the captain of the party well answered Will we are in the very wildest part of Hampton and I saw some thing this morning along the banks of the river that looked like Indian tracks and they kept stopping and turning around as if looking at our house and I don't believe but what we will catch it before we get back at this some of the ladies began to pale and Will quickly brightened up and said but there is no danger yet at any rate and besides all of us six have got revolvers and sheath knife and Harry has his Winchester here and Francis has his saber which he brought up to kill wolves with [illustration captioned "Harry watched him"] I hope we shan't meet any Indians said Clara nor I said Nellie Harry seeing they were a little worked up quickly changed the subject Harry was a fine looking young man who stood six feet one inch in his stockings he was rather light complexion and had a mild blue eye and a laughing countenance [page break] he wore a grey flannel shirt a pair of grey pants and a large belt Will. was just the reverse he was medium height & thick set [set?] dark skin blue eyes and brown hair he was a very handsome type of a brunet and was a jolly good chap but to night he was sober soon he got up and went over to watch the boys play checkers Harry watched him then leaned back and went to talking to Clara for she was his choice among the girls soon it was bed time and the girls went into their apartment and the boys into theirs this was done simply by letting a curtain fall from the middle of the rafters when the boys were on one side of the room and the girls on the other they planned to go home tomorrow for they had been there all ready one day and one night and they wanted to sleep well that night in preparation for their forenoon skate

To be continued

## CHILDRENS COLUMN

### JACK O LANTERNS

Oh look at those horrid faces all in a row  
Now see them move just so slow  
They are carried by some body I know  
Now up the hill they go  
And away runs a frightened calf  
Just you hear the boys laugh

## CONUNDRUMS AND RIDDLES

Twelve pears hanging high

Twelve men went passing by  
Each man took a pair  
And left eleven hanging there

---

What insect do you think of when you put a butter on the stove

---

Butter fly

[page break]

## AN ADVENTURE ON THE SHORE OF BIG WOLF

for Chit Chat

It was the fall of 1886 that I and my brother were hunting fishin and trapping on the shores of Big Wolf Lake we were just out of collidge and having plenty of money thought we would spend the fall at Big Wolf our farther lived at the prison and was the head manager of a large coal mine and he was willing we should rough it one winter about five miles from us lived another trapper we had about fifty traps and fishrods and tackle each a Winchester rifle and a revolver and sheath nife we had good luck and thought trapping was fine till the snow get in as all the old trappers know there is a lot of kind of thievish Indians which as soon as snow sets in go around trying to steal furs at this they make a living one morning we got up to find the snow a foot deep we had intended to go home the next day and was going to take up our traps to dry we had intended to skate down but that was blocked we took down our rifles and went onto take up our traps we did not catch much that morning only 2 beavers 3 muskrats and ac oon with fifty traps. This was not very good for the shores of Big Wolf Lake but the next morning was worse for there was about three feet of snow and so we put our trip off[f] till the snow had settled a little about noon we heard a tramping out side our door and then a thumping what do you want Seth called but ther was no anser only a low jabbering out side Seth opened the door and there stood three swarthy Indians the trapper and his partner had told us about them and how they would probably do. How said one and stepped up nearer and one made signes to come in and warm him they started to walk in now you dont said Seth [page break] [illustration captioned "Get out"] pointing his revolver at him and I stepped up with my Winchester get out Seth yelled and they jabbering furiously went away but they had caught a glimpse of our furs all stacked up there and wanted them along in the after noon we again heard a crunching about our house I pulle dout the block in our window and looked out there was some brush and sticks laid up against our house they were going to burn us out I yelled puck a chee which ment get out but received for an anser a ringing report of a rifle and and [sic] the ball gouged a groove out of the log by my head and I saw an Indian bring more brush I yanked out my revolver and fired five times as fast as I could and then shut the window whether I hit him or not I do not know but I saw him fall behind the brush he was carrying soon a war began we to protect our house and they to try and burn it every chance we could get we fired at them and they even fired at the logs but spite of all we could do our cabin was set of fire then Seth and I began to talk seriously about matters for we did not expect to ever reach home

again for now the Indians were yelling and dancing around outside now the roof began to blace [blaze] oh those were minutes of expence we had made up our minds to stay inside untill it was sure death in side then we would burst out and fight untill we were killed we stayed there ~~untill~~ with our eyes fixed on the roof at last Seth cried out it as sure death to stay any longer I looked at him he looked almost like a mad man and the sweat stood [page break] in big drops all ove rhis hand some face with our rifles in our hands and our revolver and knife in our belt we jumped out [illustration captioned "half a doz. rifles cracked"] half a dozen rifles cracked at us my hat was carried away and I felt a pain in my side we sent a volley charging in the direction the shots came from just then some one hollared we looked up and there was the trapper and his partner the Indians fled away Seth jumped in to the cabin and pulled out our fur traps and clothing and dragged them to a safe place the next day we went to Littleville and the trappers accompanied us we sold our furs for 3 hundred and fifty five dollars my wound was nothing but a slight one and I soon recovered we gave the trapper fifty for his services and we both declared we would never go there again for we had had enough of trapping in the shore of Big Wolf

By Bill Samson

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## A CURIOUS ADVENTURE

### A GIRLS STORY

I am a girl as I suppose you all know and when I say that I one had a little adventure you probably turn up your nose and say :pshaw: but I did and tis true and a rather of a curious one boys need not think they have all the glory and honor of stories for girls are just as smart as boys at the time of my adventure I was a hand in a shoe shop and of the nigh[t] of my adventure we were all let out at six as usual but the manager wanted me to stay and pack up the pieces in my room as there was going to be no more work for a week my room was a second story room on the back of the shop from the second story you could walk right out onto the ground this door stood partly open I was buisy at work when a sharp bark arested my attension and looking up I saw a dog all covered with blood and froth I knew he was mad I had but one moment to think then the dog bounded toard me the elivator was between him and me on that very floor I spang [sprang?] to it and as he jumped on I pulled the rope down he went he gave a leap but struck against the edge and fell back falling of[f] the elivator and struck with a thud on the floor I stopped the elivator and peered down there he lay as if stunned I looked a round for some weopan and saw John Smiths revolver laying on a shelf he had brought it that day to shout at a mark I took it and the pulling the other elivator rope leaped on to the elivator as it came up I looked and saw that the revolver had three cartridges in it when the elivator got down halfway to the floor on which the mad dog lay I stopped it then taking good aim I fired [illustration captioned "The dog was dead"] the dog leaped up with all most a human yell I fired again and this time killed him then I amediately went to the managers and told him about it he said you are a brave girl I will see you home so if we meat a nother but we did not and I saw in the morning paper at the heading

of which was a case of hidrofobia a dog runs mad and atacks a girl who sends him down stairs in a elivator and then shoots him now why want that quite an adventure  
Katie Wilman

[page break]

## HOW THE HUNTS BECAME RICH

In five chapters Chapter 4

As soon as Jimmy was securely tied they took him and paddled him down the river about five miles then un binding his feet they landed and walked up the great steaps of long mountains oh what a walk mile after mile they climbed never stopping to rest Jimmy was a good walker for a little boy of his age but he could not stand this and sank down but the beat him with sticks and made him keepin one Indian seeing a beer shot him then the skinned it and hung it up then built a fire and cutting a piece of hung it upon a stick to roast when it was done to one tore of a piece and handed it to Jimmy to eat and the other to ate the rest for there was th[r]ee Indians before Jimmy shot one Jimmy thought they would probably sell him as a slave and if they did not they would kill him. But he was a brave boy and did not cry but went to planning how he would escape soon they got up the Indian took his deer and they started on after they had gone a mile or two Jimmy dropped his handkerchief so that if his father was in search of him the might find him quicker and so every one and a while he would keep dropping something it began to grow dark but on they went soon they came to a place where the mountain slanted the other way way down there he could see glistening in the star light a little pond and by at a whole villiage of white tents and a cheery fire burning it made his hart throb at first but then he thought this is only an Indian villiage to this the Indians hurried they were greeted with the barkings of [page break] dogs and the squaws and papooses all ran out ot meat them and jabbered away and pointed at him he was then sent to a cave back in the rocks here was 2 Indians making beads out of little pieces of [nillow?] stone which the melted and which were strewn all over the cave Jimmy did not know what this was unless it was gold he had never seen much gold and here it was laying all around. The cave was about fity feet long twenty wide but only about three feet at the entrance but i[t] was about fifteen feet high at the highest point here on an old buffalo skin he slept that night he scooped his pockets full of the shining stuff he found the next day that he had to work the Indians showed him by signes what to do his work was to brake out the shiny stone from the other stone by slinging rocks at it and then by digging with a piece of wood in the sand on the bottom of the cave after nuggets any where you could find a piece as big as your thumb and Jimmy found a number as big as his fist Jimmy worked a week with out trying to get away but it was hard work to live on meat all the time and do the work he did he heard nothing of his fathur and concluded that he had given him up as lost or else was killed by Indians one knigh [night] Jimmy woke up and finding the two Indians sleeping crawled away and stepping as care fully as possiable walked away and climbed to the top of the ridge then he locked back how peace full it looked but he was glad he was out of that for he had got a two days march before him [page break] and if he did not hurry the Indians would catch him before he got half way home so

on he hurried he was a good mind to sling his stones away but did not but ran on down the mountain bumping trees and tumbling over rocks without stopping

To be continued

William J Little

### LOST MOUNTAIN

Lost Mountain was a mountain standing all along a little brook babled down its sides here and there many years ago it had been inhapited by a lawless set who would burst into villiages stealing plunder where ever they could find and then escaping to Lost Mountain before the soldiers could catch them and then hiding somewhere no one knew where this set lived there for many years untill one day the soldiers captured them on the side of the mountain and mercissly hung them then they hunted for the lost trasures which this band had hidden but it was hidden where it could not be found for mounths the people serched but could not find it at last one night a man claimed to ahve seen a ghost on the mountain wandering about the next day specks could be seen on the mountain moving around which were supposed to be the headless robbers looking around after this no one went on the mountain and the little paper was filled with items of some ones seeing a ghost on the mountain or hearing a yell untill the mountain was dreaded by all the mountain was fenced off and neither man or his beasts stepped foot on Lost Mountain frrom one years end to an other. Lost Mountain was 3.500 feet high and stood there surrounded by foot hills no other mountains in sight it is about two miles long and about 1 and 1/2 the other way it is covered most to the top by dense forest then it is bare of every thing but rock while near the bottom it slopes off into grassy fealds Mr Crosby lived with in a [page break] quarter of a mile of Lost mountain and his sugar place was connected with Lost Mountain his house was about a quarter of a mile from a pond also which was 1 1/2 half mile long and 1 mile wide. Mr Crosby had a wife and three sons his two oldest took to trapping and hunting around Lost Mountain which was very good not being hunted much seing it was so near the mts. While his youngest took to sailing on the pond which had a little island on it which he owened this pond was good fishing and he owned a skipjack which was a fast sailor Jimmy was making the most money now from his fish and that made Tom and Jack push further upon to the mountain in their hunts it was beautiful hunting deer sprang up and ran off while the partridges and woodcock whired off and the foxes and rabbits skurried away and now and then Tom and Jack shot one and what fun they did have for there was not a house only their own for a mile and the villiage was about three miles away Tom and Jack were not afraid for they were not supersticious boys and they had never seen any ghosts or neither had their father and Jack and Tom began to talk about bying the land and setting up a fur trade with the villiage for they knew it would not cost much oh what a splendid luck they were having they all ready had a rabbit coon and 2 partridges and five squirrels now and then a hedge hog would go cratching into his hole under the rocks when night came it came only to[o] soon and Tom and Jack hurried home with their game it was jsut growing dusk as they stepped in their folks were very much surprised to see what a lot of game they had got and Tom and Jack and their fathur talked about Lost Mountain untill bed time,

and then they dreamed about it at night and every thing they said was Lost Mountain

To be continued

by W.J.L

[page break]

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Frank Hepswitch

Little City

FC

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